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**Miscellany.**

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

**THE LEPER OF THE CITY OF AOSTA;**

A TALE.

No where is man found alone; or, rather, never is he in his proper place when he is in solitude. The strength of the social principle within him is proved by his whole nature's revolting from an existence cut off from society. It is in society only that we can be said to live; the air of absolute solitude is stifling; we cannot respire it; it is death. Hence, the perpetual seclusion, to which certain anchorites have condemned themselves, has always been regarded as the most extraordinary example of what enthusiasm can do; the most signal triumph of religious over natural feeling. It is not the mere renunciation of the world that so astonishes; it is man totally abandoning his fellow man; withdrawing from his own nature, as it were, in withdrawing entirely from social intercourse. We can comprehend the heroic constancy of the martyr, whom fidelity to his convictions causes to expire in the midst of flames; but the imagination is bewildered by the words of the hermit Paul—who said—“*fifty long years are passed, during which I have never heard the sound of human voice.*”

This being the case,—and if nature struggles violently under the force of the social instinct, when it is thwarted through the influence of the highest and most powerful of sentiments,—what must be the agony of the unfortunate individual who is reduced by mere necessity to make this terrible sacrifice of himself, and to resign his life to perpetual hopeless solitude!—who shall dare to define or measure the amount of his misery!—But let us suppose still further, that this unhappy person has been struck, branded with reprobation by nature herself; that from the moment of his birth, he has found himself disinherited of his share of social existence, while at the same time, this very nature which has so flung him out of the family of the human race, has given him a heart more than most others calculated to enjoy the sweets of society, furnished with feelings of love and tenderness, of universal good will, and desire to be affectionately regarded;—if we suppose such to be his fate, and such his disposition, and contemplate him overwhelmed under the weight of a past without remembrance—save of misery—and a future without hope;—condemned to eternal solitude and eternal pain—must we not confess that the imagination itself cannot aggravate his misfortune—that for him the cup of agony has been filled to the brim!

Up to very lately the picture of so terrible a condition had never we believe been traced. It has however now been so. A writer has seized this conception, as new and original as it is strong and sublime. Profoundly penetrated by all that there is of really frightful in such a situation, he has not dreamed of clothing it with extraordinary circumstances to give it a forced interest. He has thought,—and with reason,—that it was only necessary to leave it in its simplicity that it might strike with force.

A man, born a LEPER, has been cut off from the society of men, in consequence of the fearful and contagious disorder that devours him. A barrier has been raised between him and mankind, and a deserted tower has, for fifteen years, been the place of his seclusion. No event, no variety, even of suffering, far less any interruption of happiness, has, during this period, interrupted "*the long and uniform calamity of his life.*" At length a French officer, ignorant of his history, is led by accident to his retreat. The stranger is humane and good; he is moved by the spectacle of so much misery,—and does not share the dastardly fears and stupid prejudices of the peasants of Piedmont. The diseased man finds he has excited interest in the breast of his visiter; this fact forms an era in his dreary existence; a novelty has disturbed its monotony; a pleasure has relieved his sorrow. The Leper becomes garrulous under the effect of his new sensations; he talks to the stranger of the anguish of his heart, and the horrors of his disease. He opens his soul, and shows the depth of his reveries, the blackness of his despair, the boiling fury of his distraction. The extraordinary recital is simply and naturally conveyed in the form of a dialogue,—and the whole is the most lively commentary on the truth which we have stated further back,—namely, that to a social creature a state of solitude is a state of death.

There was still, however, much to do, beyond the first feature of the picture, however hardy and original it might be, to enable the author to claim the merit of having achieved a finished composition; the *genius of details* could alone constitute the great merit of such a work. It is inconceivable how the author should have felt the extraordinary situation in question so deeply and truly as he must have done, to enable him to draw from it all that it has furnished to his representation. Every thing that properly belongs to it he seems to have caught and given;—absolutely every thing;—and what most surprises us is, that, while at each moment he leads us to believe, that nothing more can, by any possibility, be added, to increase the force of the melancholy but most interesting scene, he gives us every moment a proof of the contrary, by introducing some stronger trait than any of the preceding. In the sameness of a condition of ceaseless and unvaried pain, he has known how to detect certain shades of distinction, which are almost infinite in their number:—by showing the suffering under diverse faces, he has marvelously increased the interest, and preserves it for ever fresh.

The first object that demands our special attention is the character of the Leper,—for it is chiefly his character that must regulate his situation. This poor man is simplicity itself;—he is none of those fantastic enthusiasts, with vague restless thoughts, and heated fancies;—capricious adorers of a seclusion that oppresses them—formed to love, but not knowing what,—disgusted with every thing, having nothing understood—one of those persons with diseased sensibilities, in short, who are sometimes to be found in modern society, and oftener still in modern romances. The Leper has nothing extraordinary about him, unless it be a susceptible disposition; but this is enough to render him the unhap-



piest of men. He has not acquired even that kind of gentle misanthropy, the ordinary companion of seclusion, which appears to be little else but the innocent stratagem of a tender heart seeking to impose upon itself. On the contrary, he holds this feeling in disdain and dislike; yet it is perhaps the only one that could in any considerable degree have assuaged his grief. Books have in vain instructed him of the perversity of men, and the misfortunes inseparable from humanity!—his mind refuses to believe them: in spite of all they say, he is determined to love and admire the human race. What beautiful feeling and delicate foresight are evinced in his care not to *touch* the roses he cultivated, lest his unhappy malady should communicate its poison to them, and the children of the village who came to rob his garden, and commit other mischiefs against him, be thus infected! How touching his assurance that he was a *little consoled* by the laughing taunts of these youthful depredators, who, in running away with their spoil, used to shout up to his window—“good bye leper!”

Luckily for this poor creature, although deprived of the inducements to activity presented by social life, his wants hindered him from being totally idle,—and even subjected him to a regular course of occupations. The history he gives of these is of an extreme but pathetic simplicity. Above all, the religious feeling which shows itself in every part of his recital, gives an ineffable grace to his language, and inspires extraordinary interest, because it appears sufficiently strong to connect his whole being, in thought, word, and deed, with his Maker; and yet is not of an engrossing, absorbing strength, sufficient to overcome his natural sensibilities, which would render him less touching as a victim, by diminishing the range of our sympathy. Perhaps, however, the most true and philosophical trait in this striking picture, is the Leper's clinging to the inanimate objects about him, with an affection stronger than is generally felt for such things, in proportion as the sphere in which his instincts of love can exert themselves is contracted, and he is beyond the reach of a living return of friendship. It is with the dead but beautiful nature about him, that he has peopled the solitude of his heart. Here it may be as well to listen to himself, for, if our readers are like us, they will find an infinite charm in his accents:

“I rest motionless for whole days in the fine weather on this terrace,—inhaling the beauty of nature: my thoughts then swim about in my soul vaguely, indecisively, but busily. I feel my grief still occupying its dark habitation,—but it seems sleeping for the moment—and I would not awaken it. My looks wander about over this romantic country, and amongst the rocks that surround us: the features of each of these are known to me, and are so fixed in my memory, that their appearance in their places forms as it were a part of my own existence. Each particular view comes upon me like the aspect of a friend whom I see always with the same pleasure. Yet I have my preferences,—my favourites amongst these my acquaintance. One of them is that hermitage which you see there on the summit of the mountain of Charvensod. Alone in the midst of woods, and near to a bare and barren desert, this little spot receives the last rays of the setting sun. Although I have never been there, I feel a singular delight in looking at it. When the day falls, I gaze from my garden seat on this little solitary hermitage—and my imagination reposes on it. It has become to me a sort of property of my own. While looking upon it, shining still, though twilight surrounds me and my ruined tower, a faint dreaming rises in my mind, like a recollection as if I had once lived there, and that I was then healthy and happy. I struggle with my memory, which seems too

weak to present me with the picture I seek. I love also to contemplate the distant mountains, flinging themselves up grandly at the verge of the horizon, and confounding their snowy summits with the clouds. Distance is felt like futurity, and connects itself with hope: my oppressed heart opens to the belief that there exists perhaps a far-off land, where at some period yet to come, it may be able to taste that happiness for which it groans, and which a secret instinct for ever presents to my fancy as possible."

After this description, on which the mind can rest with some pleasure, there comes a terrible account of his sufferings. It would be too long to follow this sad history into its details; the pains of his disease—above all, his sleepless nights,—those terrible nights when the delirium of fever came upon him,—and made him feel horror at what he thought the approach of madness—so much was he attached to the share of humanity that had fallen to his lot,—so much did he dread further degradation in the scale. When the wind of the south, in the spring-time of the year, came to revivify nature, the Leper felt its influence, in the marrow of his bones: he would then fly to the forest, plunge into its depth, and with shrieks demand a friend and companion from the trees which he clasped in his transports, but whose cold and rough bark seemed to reject and repulse him. All this is painted with admirable energy,—and in a way that conveys horror and pity to the very bottom of the soul.

One aggravation of the bitterness of his fate remains to be noticed. Nothing was wanting to complete his misery, but that he should experience the regret caused by a loss—a sense of comparison between the present and the past, to the disadvantage of the former. And this has been provided for. A sister, struck with the same dreadful disease, but not, like him, disfigured by it, or without hope of cure, shared his retreat previous to the fifteen years of monotonous solitude which we have noticed.

"One incident (he says) will suffice to give you an idea of her attachment to me. I was walking in my cell, in the dead of the night, tormented with horrible pains; for a moment I stopped worn out, and seeking repose. A slight rustling called my attention to the door: I crept towards it and listened: judge of my surprise! my sister was praying to God for me on the threshold of the door. She had heard my complainings; her tenderness made her fear to disturb me,—but she wished to be near me to assist me in case of need. I heard her recite in a low voice the *Miserere*. I threw myself on my knees near the door, and without interrupting her, followed her words mentally. My eyes were filled with tears. Who would not have been sensible to such affection? When I thought her prayer was finished, 'Adieu,' said I to her in a low voice,—'Adieu, sister! you may withdraw; I find myself much better. God bless you! and reward you for your pity.' She withdrew silently,—and her prayer no doubt was heard, for I enjoyed afterwards some hours of tranquil sleep."

This sister expired in his arms:

"She was scarcely twenty-five; but her sufferings made her appear older. In spite of the disease which carried her off, she would still have been beautiful had she not been supernaturally pale: she was the living image of death, and I could never see her without a sigh. Her feeble and delicate frame could not resist so many accumulated evils. I had perceived for some time that her loss was inevitable, and such was her melancholy lot that I was compelled to desire it. During a month her weakness had augmented, and frequent faintings hourly threatened her life. One evening (it was towards the beginning of August) I saw her



so oppressed that I could not quit her. 'I wish to die,' said she, 'while I am looking up to heaven.' I took her in my arms to lift her up; 'support me only,' said she, 'I shall perhaps have strength to walk.' I led her slowly to the nut trees: I formed a cushion with dry leaves; and covered her with a veil to keep off the dampness of the night. I saw her veil lifted up at times, and her white hands spread towards heaven. She asked me for water. I brought some in a cup. She moistened her lips but could not drink. 'I feel my end approach,' said she, turning away her head; 'my thirst will soon be quenched for ever. Support me, my brother! aid your sister to pass this desired but terrible passage. Support me! repeat the prayer for the dying!' These were the last words she uttered. During three hours I supported her in the last struggle with nature: she sunk gently, and her soul detached itself without an effort from the earth."

Even these few extracts, and the short description by which we have preceded them, will, if we are not much mistaken, forcibly interest our readers in the work. It is French; and very short. The English translation, which is little known, is done by Helen Maria Williams,—but the spirit of the original was scarcely to be conveyed in a translation. That of Miss Williams, however, is not stained by any gross fault; and, may serve as an imperfect substitute for the original under circumstances rendering a substitute for it necessary.

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FROM THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

#### EMBANKING.

Mr. Harriot, the founder of the Thames police, though not the most successful, was certainly one of the most patient and industrious adventurers that ever attempted to rise in the world by his own talents and exertions; his spirit always rose against emergencies, and his exertions were increased in proportion to the resistance by which they were opposed. A remarkable instance of this occurs during his residence in England, before he went to America. His house was on the banks of a navigable river, near which was a sunken island containing between two and three hundred acres of land, which was covered by the sea at half tide. Mr. Harriot conceived the possibility of wresting this island from the dominion of the ocean; and purchasing it at an auction for forty pounds, strenuously set about an embankment, in which he adventured the greatest part of his property. The embankment was begun in July; and in the December following, a wall of earth was raised more than two miles and a half in circumference, thirty feet thick at its base, declining at an angle of forty-five degrees, till it was six feet thick at top, and eight feet high. The two ends of the wall were about one hundred and forty feet apart, separated by a deep ravine, through which the tide ebbed and flowed with a current stronger than that under the great arch of London Bridge. The most hazardous part of the undertaking yet remained. The struggle must be strong against a powerful foe, and decided in a few hours. Mr. H. had in vain persuaded his contractors to use timber in the work, although he offered to supply them with it gratuitously. On Christmas day this ravine was to be filled up with a mound of earth. The exertions of manual labour were vast. The tide rose, but found its passage stopped. The mound kept rising; but at last, for want of timber, *mole ruit suâ!* its own weight broke it down. On the sixth spring tide, all this great body of earth was swept away; scarcely a vestige of it was to be seen; and the difficulty of another attempt was much increased, from the greater distance it was necessary to go for the earth. The contractors ran away, in-

debted one hundred and twenty-five pounds to the men to whom they had under-let the work. But all these difficulties only stimulated a courageous spirit. The work was begun again, under the direction of Mr. H. himself, who contracted with the men on the same terms as before; and as an encouragement to steady exertion, promised them the hundred and twenty-five pounds as a bonus if they succeeded in shutting out the tide. Of his success in the first instance he shall be his own narrator.

"The season of the year," says he, "was much against me. I had to fell my timber in a wood, thirteen miles from my island. I cut down trees from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, making piles of them from twelve to twenty-four feet in length. With an engine, I drove them in two rows, fifteen feet apart, across the ravine, or deep outlet, and as close together in the rows as we could drive them. I secured them together by girders, or beams, across, within five feet of the bottom, and three feet of the top, keyed and bolted on the outside. This was my coffer-dam to hold the earth in the centre of my mound, as a strong core, or heart, to the whole.

"By the 17th of January, all was ready for another sharp contest with the sea, to determine, by force of arms, who should conquer and keep possession of the disputed property. I took the command myself. My troops were all stationed before daybreak; our enemy then retreating, in order to advance again with greater force, (the neap-tides being over, and the spring tides commencing).

"The morning was cold and frosty. A dram and three cheers was the signal for attack. Knowing the obstinate perseverance of my foe, and that our contest would be long and strong, I repressed the ardour of my troops a little at the onset. Every half hour I suspended the attack; and, from several barrels of strong porter ammunition, which I had provided ready on the spot, and elevated on a small tower made of earth, I issued out half a pint to each man; and to such of them as had not provided better for themselves, my bread, butter, and cheese were welcome. I served it all out myself, with a cheering kind of language suited to the people; by which, I verily believe what one of my officers (a master carpenter) for the time said, viz. "That I had more work done for a few barrels of porter, with a little management and address, than many men would have obtained for as many hundred pounds."

"The enemy advanced against us, and persevered in the attack for several hours; when, having proved the strength of our works, and failed, he retreated. At the severest part of the struggle, (high water) I advanced in front, with a waller's tool in one hand, and a pot of porter in the other; when repeating the words that are related of King Canute, I said, 'Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther;' adding, as he began to retire, that although a conquered foe, I bore him no enmity. We then gave him three lusty cheers, drinking the king's health on such an accession to his majesty's agricultural dominions."

After this noble triumph, for which Mr. Harriot most deservedly received the gold medal from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. he built a farm house, &c. on the island, and began to cultivate the land. For the first six or seven years, the expenses were considerably greater than the profits; but the crops afterwards began to repay his industry, by an annual and rapid increase in their value. Every thing appeared prosperous; when early in the spring of 1790, a fire broke out in the dead of the night, by which his house, barn, and out-houses were burnt to the ground, and but little of the furniture saved. The only part of the premises saved, was an old brick wash-house at the bottom of a yard, and part of the stable. The wash-house was now fitted up as a temporary residence, and it was determined to rebuild a cheap substantial dwelling-house as soon as possible. This was completed



before the winter, and the crops on the island seemed to promise they would pay the expense. "In the January following our calamity," says Mr. H., "I would not have sold these expected crops for less than £600." But adversity rarely comes unattended with a train of misfortunes: within eleven months after this destruction of a considerable part of his property by the flames, he was destined to see the remaining *all* of it swallowed up by the ocean. With what philosophy he bore the second calamity, we have in his own words:

"While standing with folded arms on the highest part of the embankment of my island (he says), I looked down on the raging watery element, swelling itself to a height that had never been known before, and over-topping my walls, as if in search of what I had formerly wrested from its dominion, seeking to revenge itself by the destruction of that property the fire could not reach. I too assuredly saw I was a ruined man, but gave no way to despondency. Hard and unequal were my struggles against two such outrageous elements as seemed combined against me. Though beaten, I was not subdued; my spirit remained unshaken, and in those distressing moments, I resolved to endeavour at recovering the island for those to whom I was indebted, rather than abandon it, without a struggle, to the remorseless rage of the enemy."

About one-fourth of the embankment had settled down a foot; it was intended to have been raised eighteen inches during the preceding summer, had not the expenses of building incurred by the fire made it necessary to defer it. This unfortunate delay occasioned the loss of the island. Instead of desponding, Mr. H. within a few days after the accident, had drained the water, by extraordinary exertions, four feet below the surface of the land. The tide had flowed over its walls, and by leaving the island full of water, gave a fatal proof of their strength. To repair the mischief, required a capital of which he was now bereft; and he was reluctantly compelled to abandon his enterprise.

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FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

#### ON CLOTHING.

In our last paper, it was shown, that a great majority of our diseases are caused by vicissitudes of temperature; and it was there also averred, that, by proper regulation of the circumstances affecting temperature, all, or most, of such diseases might be avoided. We now proceed to the consideration of these circumstances under the heads of *clothing, lodging, and management on going from home in cold weather, bathing, &c.* We begin with CLOTHING.

The nature of heat, and the singular property in the animal system, of generating enough within itself to keep up an uniform temperature, much above that of the surrounding atmosphere, have already been treated of. We have now to remark, however, with respect to the last particular, that if cold air, or any other cold medium, were allowed to come in direct contact with the naked body of warm-blooded animals, it would carry off the heat so much more rapidly than it is produced, that the animal would die. To prevent this, nature has covered all such animals with a protecting envelope, which is hair, or fur, in some, and feathers in others, which defends the skin from the approach of the cold air, and moreover confines the heat in the body by its non-conducting quality, explained in the note of our last paper. Few things more strikingly mark design and benevolence in the creation of the universe, than the perfect fitness of the means to the end in this instance. Fur and feathers surpass all other substances

in their power of opposing the passage of heat, and they grow from the surface of the animal's body in the quantity required, so as even to increase and diminish, as the necessity for them varies with change of season, or climate.

Man, too, is an animal, with a bodily constitution closely resembling that of the higher classes of the inferior animals, which requires a covering, like theirs, to preserve its warmth: but he is an exception to the general rule, for nature has not supplied a covering to him as to the others. This is one of the points of difference between him and them in bodily structure, which, to the cursory observer, appears of little importance, but which, to the eye of reflection, marks the mighty interval which separates him from the inferior creation, and speaks his high destiny. He received the godlike strength of intellect which subdues all external nature to his purposes, and he was left to clothe himself.

When he first began to feel the want of clothing, the most obvious means of supplying it was to use the covering furnished by nature to other animals. Accordingly, in the accounts which remain to us of the young world, our forefathers are described with the simple garment of a hairy skin thrown round them. The warrior and hunter gloried in the spoil of the lion, or in that of some other fierce animal, which it required prowess and address to obtain, while the humbler fleece of easier attainment covered the rest. In the Polar regions, to this day, the rough skins of the warm-coated animals of the climate are the only clothing of the inhabitants.

He who commenced the art of preparing clothing, would, as a first step, seek the means of preserving the complete skin of the animal, by tanning, or otherwise, so as to make it durable, and to obviate any unpleasant smell that might attach to it. It would then be found that the hair, or fleece, might be cut from the skin, and after being twisted into threads, might be formed into web, or cloth; thus, by improvement after improvement, the beautiful, smooth, close-textured, woollen stuffs, which we now wear, would gradually be produced. Perhaps it is a reflection not very commonly made, that the only difference between the clothing of the savage, wrapped in his raw fur-skin, and that of an elegantly-dressed gentleman in a complete modern suit, is barely in the manner of preparing the same materials; for, except the linen which the latter wears for the sake of cleanliness, the whole of his dress is composed of metamorphosed skins of animals. The introduction of vegetable substances, viz. lint and cotton, for the purposes of clothing, was comparatively recent, both on account of the more difficult processes required in their preparation, and because they afford less perfect defence against cold.

The first object of clothing in cold countries, was to preserve the animal heat. It would, however, soon be perceived, that clothing admitted also of grace and elegance in the manner of preparing, and putting it on, and in the choice of materials. Hence, a second grand object arose, that of decorating the body, as well as defending it. The lower animals, provided by nature with an appropriate covering, have no conception of any artificial decoration; but, as man is concerned, the secondary and accidental quality seems to be now considered almost the chief one, and we should almost say, that it had become a chief business of life with him. Among the young of both sexes, from the tattooed savage to the inhabitants of the most polished nations of Europe, a great portion of time and anxiety is occupied about this *important* matter:—a weakness, which shows mankind in a more contemptible light, than almost any other of their foibles, and which, unhappily, is also a cause of many of the diseases of cold cli-



mates; for it withdraws, or diverts, the attention from the true object of *clothing*, which is to preserve warmth, and not to constitute *dress*, in the toilette signification of the word.

Dress is completely under the influence of caprice or accident, that is to say, of fashion; and it too often happens, that fashion forgets that dress should also be clothing. How shocking the absurdity, ordered by fashion, of muffling one's self up in woollens, during the morning, and warm part of the day; and when the chilling and damp evening comes, all these are thrown off to make way for thin silks, gauzes, laces, and the other flimsy textures, which mischievous ingenuity has contrived for female attire—mischievous, at least, when, by it, such nothings are substituted for necessary warm covering. But worse than all this, fashion orders that the chest and arms, with the skin of which the delicate lungs so readily sympathize, shall be completely uncovered!

The power of the human constitution, to resist the causes of disease, and to accommodate itself to circumstances, is such, that even considerable degrees of exposure to cold, when uniformly submitted to, and gradually brought about, cease in a great measure to be hurtful. Witness the bare legs of the Scotch Highlander, wading among his winter torrents, and the driving snows of his hills—witness the husbandman, exposed to all weathers—witness the comparative safety with which some of our fashionable belles spend seven nights in the week, in a state of seminudity, after being warmly clad all the mornings. But the danger comes, when these exposures are made without preparation, irregularly, and but seldom. Many a London citizen would be destroyed by wearing the Highland garb, for a single day in winter, or by passing a few days of the same season in the engagements of agriculture; and many a delicate girl, not accustomed to fashionable life, is sacrificed, by going a few times to evening parties, dressed according to the mode of the day. The havoc made amongst our daughters and sisters in this way is most melancholy, and it may be proper to add a few further remarks on the subject. There is no constitutional difference between the two sexes, which makes covering to the neck and chest necessary to the one in this cold climate, and useless to the other; therefore, the practice of uncovering this part of the female person is against nature. Physicians have constantly reprobated it, as most prejudicial to health, and as a cause of the many deaths among young women at the age when they launch into fashionable life; but they have found how inadequate the arms of reason prove against the dictates of fashion. There is, however, another consideration forbidding it, unconnected with health, and which should be at least as powerful as any of those which the physician has to urge; I mean the positive indecency of the practice. It is true, that familiarity reconciles us to almost any thing, and now the most innocent girl will dress so as to expose herself, without the least sense of impropriety, because she sees all about her doing the same; still this fashion in its gradual advance to its present pitch, has, at every step, excited the disgust of all persons of proper and virtuous feelings. It is a fashion which spreads from the most notoriously corrupt, and licentious court of Europe, and, however insensible we may have now become to its true character, it is only befitting a state of society, such as that in which it originated. It can never serve to recommend a woman, as a modest or virtuous creature; but on persons of proper habits of thinking, it naturally has the contrary effect. A young woman of New Holland, or the Pelew Islands, appears innocently in public with little or no covering, but there the climate does not require any, art does not supply it, and it has never

been in use: but in European countries, where inconvenience and great danger follow such exposure, and decency is outraged by it, what excuse can be given for continuing the practice?

The great object of clothing is, as we have said, to keep the body comfortably warm in all seasons, and under all circumstances. In a cold climate, woollen is the only kind of covering which does this perfectly; and, it should, therefore, be the principal part of every one's dress, whatever may go underneath for the sake of cleanliness, or over it for the sake of show. Few people hurt themselves by too much clothing; many, by too little, particularly those of delicate habit. The feelings of the person are the best criterion as to the quantity, and, if attended to, will guide him clear of both extremes. Some people make a boast of wearing the same dress in winter, that they do in summer, thinking that such regimen gives hardiness of constitution; but nature herself thickens the furs of animals according to the seasons and climate, and thus sets us an example which we shall do wisely to follow. Mischief, however, less rarely arises from the quantity of clothing, than from our imprudently changing that quantity too suddenly. How many rheumatic and consumptive diseases have we seen arise, even in the strongest men, from too precipitately throwing off the winter dress. We may here take another valuable hint from nature, who thickens and thins the coats of animals almost imperceptibly. Flannel, by this rule, should never be laid aside at once, but should be replaced first by the thinner fabric of the knitted cotton, and that again by calico; and flannel itself is second to fleecy hosiery, where this has been in use. True hardiness, as respects temperature, is obtained by observing a proper medium in the quantity of clothes, and by accustoming the body to frequent momentary changes. This subject will be considered more particularly when we come to speak of bathing, exercise, &c. In cold climates, the process of dressing and undressing, night and morning, during which the body is exposed to the cold air, is of much use in fortifying the system, as well as the daily application of cold linen to the skin, and the lying down in cold sheets, &c. Many people in this country deprive themselves of the important advantages of these things, by regularly warming their beds before going into them, and by keeping on, night and day, flannel shirts, drawers, and stockings, to prevent entirely the contact of any thing cold. Such people are infinitely more liable to take cold, than those who pursue a different plan. In our next paper, when speaking of lodging, it will appear that by far the safer plan, in our winters, is to secure ourselves by additional clothing, than to trust to fires and warm rooms. Regarding the point, whether flannel should be worn next the skin, or with linen intervening, the question seems to be of little moment to healthy individuals, and for invalids, it must be determined according to circumstances. It may appear odd, that flannel next the skin is found to be a comfortable dress, even under the equator; is much worn there; and is thought to guard from many diseases. The reason is, that it prevents sudden chills, though it perhaps heats a little too much. Linen and cotton absorb the perspiration so readily, that it is quickly evaporated from them by the air, and thus suddenly cools the surface of the body. Flannel, having less attraction for moisture, leaves it in contact with the skin, and the cooling cannot take place quickly. Upon the whole then, until travellers find some animal with linty fibres growing from its skin, instead of hair or wool, it will be wisdom, at any rate, in invalids, to prefer as clothing that with which nature has covered the inferior animals, to that which human art has partially substituted; often with other intent than to support the temperature.



A POLITICAL CONTROVERSY.

Matthew Concanen, a minor poet, who has been noticed by Pope, came to England with a countryman of his, to seek their fortunes. They agreed to engage in a political controversy, and to determine sides by tossing up. The ministerial side fell to Concanen's lot; and he was, in consequence of his writings, made attorney general in Jamaica; a situation which, it should be added, he filled with the utmost integrity and honour.

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**Record.**

FROM THE AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, at his seat in the city of Burlington, (New Jersey,) on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1821, ELIAS BOUDINOT, Esq. L. L. D. in the eighty-second year of his age.

On the 26th of October, his remains were committed to the tomb, followed by a large concourse of family-connexions, and by the most respectable inhabitants of the city of Burlington. Among the mourning friends who attended on this occasion, was a deputation from the Board of Managers of the *American Bible Society*, consisting of General Clarkson, the Rev. Dr. Milnor, Messrs. S. Boyd, and Carow. The pall was borne by General Bloomfield, William Coxe, and Joseph M'Ilvaine, Esqs. of Burlington, and by Horace Binney, and Andrew Bayard, Esqs. and Dr. Mease, of Philadelphia.—The body was conveyed to St. Mary's Church, where a very appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wharton, and the whole ceremony was conducted with solemnity, order, and decorum.

As death has now set his seal on a character pre-eminent for talents, for piety, and for extensive usefulness, a just regard to public sentiment requires that the annunciation of such an event should be accompanied with at least a *short retrospect of the life*, and of the leading traits, in the *character of the illustrious deceased*.

Dr. Boudinot was born in Philadelphia on the 2d of May, A. D. 1740. He was descended from one of those pious Refugees, who fled from France to America to escape the horrors of ecclesiastical persecution, and to enjoy religious freedom in this favoured land. He had the advantage of a classical education, and pursued the study of the law under the direction of the *Hon. Richard Stockton*, a member of the first American Congress, whose eldest sister he afterwards married.

Shortly after his admission to the Bar of New Jersey, Dr. Boudinot rose to the first grade in his profession. Early in the revolutionary war he was appointed by Congress to the important trust of Commissary General of Prisoners. In the year 1777 he was chosen a member of the National Congress, and in the year 1782 he was elected *President* of that august body. In this capacity, he had the honour and happiness of putting his signature to the treaty of peace, which forever established his country's independence.

On the return of peace, he resumed the practice of the law. It was not long, however, before he was called to a more important station. On the adoption of the present constitution of the United States, the confidence of his fellow citizens allotted him a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States. In this honourable place he was continued for six successive years. On quitting it to return once more to the pursuits of private life, he was appointed by that consummate judge of character, the *first President*

of the United States, to fill the office of *Director of the National Mint*, vacated by the death of the celebrated RITTENHOUSE. This trust he executed with exemplary fidelity during the administration of WASHINGTON, of ADAMS, and (in part) of JEFFERSON. Resigning this office, and seeking seclusion from the perplexities of public life, and from the bustle and ceremony of a commercial metropolis, he fixed his residence in the city of Burlington, (New Jersey.)—Here, surrounded by affectionate friends, and visited by strangers of distinction—engaged much in pursuits of biblical literature—practising the most liberal and unceremonious hospitality—filling up life in the exercise of Christian duties, and of the loveliest charities that exalt our nature—meekly and quietly communicating and receiving happiness of the purest kind—he sustained, and has left such a character, as will forever endear his memory to his friends, and do honour to his country.

Prior to the revolution, he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of New Jersey College. The semi-annual meetings of this respectable body he always attended with punctuality, unless prevented by severe indisposition. At the time of his decease, he was the SENIOR member of this corporation. The liberal donation he made it during life, and the more ample one in his last will, must be long remembered with gratitude by the friends of science.—But while anxious to promote the interests of science, he was not unmindful of the superior claims of religion on his remembrance, and his bounty. Attached by principle and habit to the religious denomination of which he was so distinguished a member, he has been most liberal in his testamentary donations to the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, and to their THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY established at Princeton. But as his mind, unshackled by bigotry, or sectarian prejudice, was expanded by the noblest principles of Christian benevolence, he has also very liberally endowed various institutions, whose object is to diffuse more widely the light of revealed truth—to evangelize the heathen—to instruct the deaf and dumb—to educate youth for the sacred ministry—to advance knowledge, and to relieve the wants and miseries of the sick, or suffering poor.

To those of his fellow citizens, however, who are peculiarly interested in the wide circulation of the sacred scriptures, perhaps the chief excellence in the character of the *deceased*, is the *ardent and effective zeal* he displayed in the BIBLE CAUSE. The efforts he at first made, notwithstanding the infirmities of age, and much unexpected opposition, to establish the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY—his munificent donation to this institution at its *first* organization—his subsequent liberality to aid in the erection of a DEPOSITORY—the devise of a large and valuable tract of land—and the deep and undiminished interest he has taken in all the concerns of the NATIONAL SOCIETY ever since he was chosen to be its PRESIDENT; while they spread his fame through every region of the globe, will consecrate his memory in the hearts of his *fellow citizens* in America, and his FELLOW CHRISTIANS throughout the world. But if his public services and his private worth claim the tribute of general esteem and affectionate remembrance, the closing scene of his life is no less calculated to console his friends under the heavy loss they have sustained; than it is to edify and support the *departing Christian*. In the full possession of his mental faculties, and in the assured persuasion of his approaching dissolution—his faith was firm—his patience unexhausted, and his hopes were bright. While with paternal solicitude he exhorted those around him to rest on the LORD JESUS CHRIST as the only true ground of trust—while, with solemnity and tenderness he commended a dutiful and affectionate daughter, (his *only* child) to the care of his surviving friends, with humble resignation, he expressed his readiness—his “*desire to depart in peace*” to the bosom of his Father in Heaven; and the last prayer he was heard to articulate, was, LORD JESUS RECEIVE MY SPIRIT.



## Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

## ON WHEAT TURNING TO CHEAT.

(Continued from page 405.)

From the foregoing extract it appears that the water and mud in 1814, totally killed several species of the plants which it covered, and entirely prevented the growth of some of the others; that the water covered his turnips from ten to twelve or fifteen feet deep, and left them covered with mud, three, four, or six inches deep. If he had also stated the depth of water which covered his wheat in 1800, and the thickness of the coat of mud with which it was covered when the water subsided, I presume the phenomenon would easily have been accounted for. He however does inform us that the wheat was covered with water upwards of twenty-four hours, and also that it was a back water; consequently it must have formed an eddy favourable for the mud to settle; which, owing to the season of the year, being at the time of the breaking up of winter, when the top of the ground is in a state peculiarly favourable to washing, must have collected in large quantities from the adjoining farms, sufficient to cover the wheat three, four or six inches deep, as was the case with respect to his turnips in 1814. Which mud being formed from the pulverized particles of the soil, composed a mould of so fine a texture, that it became very adhesive, and being toughened by the rays of the sun after the water subsided, was not easily decomposed by the operation of the atmosphere, hence it became of too firm a texture for the propelling power of the roots of the weaker plants to burst asunder, by which means vegetation was suspended, and in some plants entirely destroyed, as was the case with his pompions, cucumbers, melons, and beans, in 1814. How frequently does the mud, which is carried by the water at the time of a heavy rain, and settles in the hollows and low places in the grain fields, bury up and entirely destroy the young plants of wheat growing on such places. At the time of harrowing the Indian corn with the large harrow, the young plants which are buried up and not uncovered previous to a shower of rain, will entirely perish in a few days, if not timely relieved by the corn rake, as frequently is experienced by practical farmers. It is therefore a natural conclusion, taking into consideration the whole of the circumstances related in the communication, that the wheat was entirely buried up by the mud left upon the ground after the water subsided, and the vital air being entirely excluded, by the fineness of the texture in the covering, it totally perished.

If it should be asked why the turnips were not killed, seeing that they also were covered with a heavy load of mud, I would answer, as in animals some particular species can endure a deprivation of air for a longer time than others, being constitutionally formed for that purpose, so in the vegetable kingdom, some particular plants will grow when entirely, to appearance, excluded from the air. Of this species are the turnips, as is frequently evinced by their growing during the inclemency of winter, when they are covered up for the purpose of preservation by a covering of eight or nine inches deep, and in a great measure excluded from the air.

Having endeavoured to make it appear that the mud which would naturally settle upon the surface of the earth, at the time of so high a fresh as that in the spring of 1800, when the water formed an eddy or back water, would be sufficient entirely to bury up and destroy a crop of young wheat, it remains to be seen from whence came the heavy load of cheat which succeeded it.

In the Encyclopedia, under the article Natural History, it appears that a comparative view was taken by Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish botanist, of the number of seeds which are produced from a single bunch of several kinds of plants, from which it appeared that the elecampane yielded 3000 seeds—spelt, 2000—sunflower, 4000—poppy, 3200—and tobacco, 40,320. On the bunch of cheat which I presented to the society, at their quarterly meeting in August, 1820, which has every appearance of having been produced from a single grain, and which I believe was really the fact, there were upwards of six thousand seeds, considerably exceeding in number either of those enumerated by Linnæus, excepting the plant of tobacco. In the communication from Judge Preston, it is stated, that at the commencement of the fresh in the spring of 1800, there was a tolerably deep snow, and there came on a heavy and steady warm rain for three days and nights, which raised the river to the mark of the pompion fresh in 1786, which flowed over his farm, swept off most of his fences and lumber, to a very large amount, &c.; consequently there must have been a general collection of all the cheat which grew upon the farms adjoining the river Delaware and its tributary streams of water, during the last season, which being carried along by the water, naturally collected in the eddies and back waters formed along the shore; and the water over the wheat field being a back water, as stated in the communication, all the cheat which came within its limits would naturally be detained, and settle upon the field as the water gradually subsided.

Under the article *Plant* in the Encyclopedia, there are a variety of ways pointed out by which the seeds of plants are dispersed to a great distance and planted in the soil; some are carried in the air, having wings for that purpose, others are furnished with hooks, by which, when ripe, they adhere to the coats of animals, and are carried by them to their lodging places. Many are dispersed by means of birds and other animals. Some are dispersed by the ocean and by rivers. In Lapland (says Linnæus), we see the most evident proofs how far rivers contribute to deposit the seeds of plants. I have seen alpine plants growing upon the shores frequently thirty-six miles distant from the Alps; for their seeds falling into the rivers and being carried along and left by the stream, take root there, &c. I was, moreover, lately informed by a person of credibility residing on the Neshamony, that at the time of high water, the seeds of the Paxton clover or daisy, are frequently carried by the stream, and settle upon the low lands and meadow grounds, and there



vegetate and come to maturity in such quantities, as to render useless any attempt to eradicate them.

Judge Preston gives it as his opinion, that the mud which was left upon the ground after the water subsided in the fall of 1814, was a rich manure, and states in his communication, that his crop of rye was manifestly benefited by it; that his turnips were of a superior quality; that he never saw such good sweet turnips before, nor so many for the ground: and so great was the vegetative principle imparted to them by the mud, that they continued to grow through the winter and would not stop whether they were in the ground or out of it. Is it not reasonable to suppose, that the same vegetative principle might have been imparted to the cheat in 1800, causing it to mature at an early period, and produce a heavy load by the usual time of harvest. From the twentieth of June, the day upon which I commenced mowing my clover field, to the twenty-second of August, the day on which I cradled my seed clover, is only two months and one day, yet during this period the cheat which was cut off by the mowing scythe, shot up again from the root, and came to full maturity. From the time of the high water, say the first of April, there being no specified time in the communication, to the middle of July, the usual time of harvest, is three months and one half, leaving a difference of one month and one half in favour of the time in which the cheat might vegetate from the seed and come to maturity.

With respect to his wheat being partially covered and partially turned to cheat in 1814, as stated in the communication, if the foregoing reasoning will hold good in the first instance, it can be readily applied to this case. The cheat would spring up and mature, when the wheat was covered by the mud and destroyed; and the rye being covered with a light covering, and being moreover a strong and vigorous plant, would sustain no check in the vegetation, but rather be benefited by the mud which would operate as a manure. Yours, &c.

JOHN LINTON.

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## Variety.

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### RESOLUTE NONCONFORMIST.

About the year 1644, a party of the Parliament horse came to the village of Laugharn, and inquired whether its popish vicar, Mr. Thomas, was still there, and whether he continued reading the liturgy and praying for the queen? One of them added, that he would go to church next Sunday, and if Mr. Thomas dared to pray for that —, he would certainly pistol him. Information of the threat having been conveyed to Mr. Thomas, his friends earnestly pressed him to absent himself; but thinking this would be a cowardly departure from his duty, he resolutely refused. He had no sooner began the service, than the soldiers came, and placed themselves in the pew next to him; and when he prayed for the queen, one of them snatched the book out of his hand, and threw it at his head, saying, "What do you mean by praying for a —?" The preacher bore the insult with so much Christian meekness and composure, that the soldier who had been guilty of it immediately slunk away ashamed and confused. Mr. Thomas continued the service, and delivered an admirable sermon with great spirit and animation. On his return home, he found the soldiers waiting to beg his pardon, and desire his prayers to God in their behalf. The parliamentary committee soon after deprived this resolute pastor of his living; but on the restoration

of Charles II. he was rewarded for his loyalty by the bishopric of Worcester, which he enjoyed till the revolution; when refusing to take the oath of allegiance to King William, he would have been turned out of his see, had not death intervened to spare him this indignity. His objections to the oath were conscientious, and not to be overcome. In a letter to a friend, he says, "If my heart do not deceive me, and God's grace do not fail me, I think I could suffer at a stake, rather than take this oath."

#### LORD BACON.

In Lord Bacon's style of living, there was something which struck his contemporaries as peculiarly magnificent. The secret was, that he did every thing in a high and natural taste. In compartments of his rooms, he had pictures painted on the walls from the stories of Grecian mythology. His garden was laid out, after the ideal pattern in his essays, with evergreens and other shrubs to suit every month in the year. His feeling indeed for nature, was the main side on which his great philosophy ran into poetry; and vented itself in a very graceful as well as grand enthusiasm, befitting one of the high priests of wisdom. He was fond of meditating in groves, after the custom of his predecessors of antiquity; and when he sat down to his studies in the house, he would often have music in the next room. He had the flowers and sweet herbs in season, regularly set upon his table, "to refresh his spirits," and took such delight in being abroad among the elements, that riding in an open carriage during the rain, he would take off his hat to let the shower come upon his head; and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him.

#### STONE.

Edmund Stone, the mathematician, presents one of the most extraordinary examples upon record, of a man untutored and self-taught, rising by mere dint of genius to the sublimest heights of science. The celebrated Chevalier Ramsay, in a letter to Father Castel, published in the *Journal de Trevoux*, gives the following interesting account of Stone, and the progress of his acquisitions. "Born," he says, "a son of the gardener of the Duke of Argyle, he arrived at eight years of age before he learnt to read. By chance, a servant having taught young Stone the letters of the alphabet, there seemed nothing more to discover and expand his genius. He applied himself to study, and he arrived at the knowledge of the most sublime geometry and analysis; without a master, without a conductor, without any other guide than pure genius.

"At eighteen years of age, he had made these considerable advances, without being known, and without knowing himself the prodigiousness of his acquisitions. The Duke of Argyle, who joined to his military talents, a general knowledge of every science that adorns the mind of a man of his rank, walking one day in his garden, saw, lying on the grass, a Latin copy of Sir Isaac Newton's celebrated *Principia*. He called some one to him, to take it, and carry it back to his library. Our young gardener told him that the book belonged to him. 'To you!' replied the duke, 'Do you understand geometry, Latin, Newton?' 'I know a little of them,' replied the young man, with an air of simplicity, arising from a profound ignorance of his own knowledge and talents. The duke was surprised, and having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician; he asked him several questions, and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candour of his answers. 'But how,' said the duke, 'came you by the knowledge of all these things?' Stone replied, 'a servant taught me to read ten years since; does any one need to know any thing more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?' The



duke's curiosity was redoubled; he sat down upon a bench, and requested a detail of his proceedings in becoming so learned. 'I first learned to read,' said Stone; 'the masons were then at work upon your house; I went near them one day, and saw the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things; and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic; I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it; I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books of these sciences in Latin. I bought a Dictionary, and I learned Latin; I understood, likewise, that there were good books of the same kind in French. I bought a Dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done; it seems to me, that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.' This account charmed the duke. He drew this wonderful genius out of his obscurity, and provided him with an employment which left him plenty of time to cultivate the sciences. He discovered in him, also, the same genius for music, for painting, for architecture, for all the sciences which depend on calculations and proportions.

What the particular nature of the employment which the duke conferred on Stone was, we are not informed; but if we may credit a writer in the *Critical Review*, (vol. ix.) it was far from warranting the description given of it by Ramsay. "His abilities," says this writer, who appears to have spoken from personal knowledge of Stone, "are universally acknowledged, his reputation unblemished, his services to the public uncontested, and yet he lives to an advanced age unrewarded, *except by a mean employment that reflects dishonour on the donor.*"

#### MANUFACTURING CELERITY.

Some years ago a gentleman made a bet of one thousand guineas, that he would have a coat made in the course of a single day, from the first process of shearing the sheep, to its completion by the tailor. The wager was decided at Newbury, on the 25th of June, 1811, by Mr. John Coxeter, of Greenham Mills, near that town. At five o'clock that morning, Sir John Throckmorton, Bart. presented two Southdown weather sheep to Mr. Coxeter. Accordingly the sheep were shorn, the wool spun, the yarn spooled, warped, loomed, and wove; the cloth burred, milled, rowed, dyed, dried, sheared, and pressed, and put into the hands of the tailors, by four o'clock that afternoon; and at twenty minutes past six, the coat, entirely finished, was presented by Mr. Coxeter to Sir John Throckmorton, who appeared with it before an assemblage of upwards of 5000 spectators, who rent the air with their acclamations.

#### DU VAL.

M. du Val, Professor of History and Geography in the Academy of Luneville, was the son of a peasant in Burgundy; and while a child, was employed as a shepherd at a village near Nancy, in Lorraine. His thirst after knowledge appeared in his very childhood; and having no other means of gratifying it, he made a collection of snakes, toads, and other animals within his reach; and amused himself with examining them, asking every one he met questions respecting their structure. The answers he received were generally such as left him less satisfied than he was before. He once happened to see in the hands of another country boy, Esop's Fables, with cuts, which made him still more desirous of learning than before. He could not read, and the other boy, who was capable of gratifying his curiosity, was seldom in a humour to assist him. In this distress, he determined to learn to read, in spite of all difficulties.

He saved whatever money he could get, and gave it to the other boys, who were older than himself, for teaching him to read. Having with incredible diligence attained his end, he happened to meet with an almanac in which the twelve signs of the zodiac were delineated. These he looked for so constantly, and with such attention in the heavens, that at last he imagined that he actually traced such figures there; and though he was mistaken in this and several other particulars, yet many of his observations were such as few persons of a more mature age are found capable of, even after receiving regular instructions.

As he once passed a print shop at Nancy, he observed in the window a map of the world, which opened a new field for speculation. He purchased it, and devoted many hours every day in perusing it. At first he took the degrees on the equator for French leagues; but upon considering that in coming from Burgundy to Lorraine he had travelled many such leagues, though on his map that distance was scarcely perceptible, he was convinced of the impossibility of his first conjecture. His inclination for silence and retirement, made him weary of living among the noisy peasant boys; and induced him to visit some hermits who had their cells in a wood, undertaking to wait on them, and tend six or eight cows which they kept. These hermits were grossly ignorant; but Du Val had an opportunity of reading several books he found in their cells, and of getting many difficulties that occurred to him solved by persons who came to visit them. All the money he could scrape together in his mean circumstances, was laid out in books and maps, which he contrived to study with the utmost assiduity.

In this course of life, Du Val continued till he attained his one and twentieth year; when in the autumn of 1717, he was discovered by Baron Psutschner watching his charge in the wood, and sitting under a tree with his maps and books about him. This nobleman was then governor to the young Prince of Lorraine, who happened to hunt that way. The baron thought a herdsman with sunburnt face, and lank hair, dressed in a coarse linen frock, and with a heap of maps and books about him, so extraordinary a sight, that he informed the prince of it; who immediately rode towards the place, and put several questions to Du Val about his way of living, and the progress he had made in learning. Du Val showed by his answers, that he was already master of the grounds of several sciences. The prince offered to take him into his service, and told him that he should go to court; but Du Val having read that the air of a court was infectious to virtue, frankly answered, "that he chose rather to look after his herd, and continue to lead a quiet life in the wood, with which he was thoroughly satisfied, than to wait on the prince." He added, "that if his highness would give him an opportunity of reading curious books, and of making himself master of more learning and knowledge, he was ready to follow him or any body else." The prince was much pleased with his answer, and prevailed on the duke, his father, to send this extraordinary herdsman to the Jesuit's College at Pont-a-Mausson. When he had finished his studies at that seat of learning, the duke permitted him to take a journey into France for his farther improvement; and soon after his return, gave him a professorship in the Academy of Luneville, with a pension of seven hundred a year; and also made him his own librarian with a salary of a thousand livres.

Du Val was a man of most engaging modesty, and felt pleasure in relating the successive and gradual rise of new ideas in his mind. He kept an apartment in the hermitage whence the duke raised him; and to perpetuate his memory of the transaction, had his portrait painted, in which he was represented in the situation when he was discovered by Baron Psutschner under a tree, with a landscape of the place, and the prince conversing with him. This picture he obtained leave to hang up in the duke's library.



## FORTUNATE DELIVERANCE.

Mr. Powell, the commander of the *Queen Charlotte*, was in the year 1817, fortunate enough to recover from a rock twenty-one miles N. W. of Nooaheevah, one of the Marquesas, a man that had been its solitary inhabitant for nearly three years. His account stated, that early in 1814 he proceeded thither from Nooaheevah with four others, all of whom had left an American ship there, for the purpose of procuring feathers that were in high estimation among the natives of Nooaheevah; but losing their boat on the rock, three of his companions in a short time perished through famine, and principally from thirst, as there was no water but what was supplied by rain. His fourth companion continued with him but a few weeks; when he formed a resolution of attempting to swim, with the aid of a splintered fragment that remained of their boat, to the island, in which effort he must have inevitably perished. He had once himself attempted to quit his forlorn situation, by constructing a catamaran, but failed, and lost all means of any future attempt. They had originally taken fire with them from Nooaheevah, which he had always taken care to continue, except on one occasion, when it became extinguished, and never could have been restored but by a careful preservation of three or four grains of gunpowder, and the lock of a musket, which he had broken up for the construction of his catamaran. The flesh and blood of wild birds were his sole aliment; with the latter he quenched his thirst in seasons of long dryness. The discovery made of him from the *Queen Charlotte* was purely accidental; the rock was known to be desolate and barren; and the appearance of a fire, as the vessel passed it on an evening, attracted notice, and produced an inquiry which proved fortunate to the forlorn inhabitant of the rock, in procuring his removal to Nooaheevah; whither Mr. Powell conveyed him, and left him under the care of an European of the name of Wilson, who had resided there for many years, and with whom the hermit had had a previous acquaintance.

## FENELON.

When Fénelon was almoner to the king, and attending Louis XIV. to a sermon preached by a capuchin, he fell asleep. The capuchin perceived it, and breaking off his discourse, said, "Awake that sleeping abbé, who comes here only to pay his court to the king;" a reproof which Fenelon often related with pleasure after he became Archbishop of Cambray.

At another time the king was astonished to find only Fenelon and the priest at the chapel, instead of a numerous congregation as usual. "What is the reason of all this?" said the king. "Why," replied Fenelon, "I caused it to be given out, sire, that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

When Louis appointed Fenelon chief of the Missionaries, to convert the Protestants of Sausonge, his majesty insisted that a regiment of guards should accompany him. "The ministers of religion," said Fenelon, "are the evangelists of peace; and the military might frighten all, but would not persuade a single individual. It was by the force of their morals that the apostles converted mankind; permit us then, sire, to follow their example." "But, alas!" said the king, "have you nothing to fear from the fanaticism of those heretics?" "I am no stranger to it," sire, "but a priest must not let fears like these enter into his calculation; and I take the liberty of mentioning again to you, sire, that if we would draw to us our diffident brethren, we must go to them like true apostles. For my

own part, I had rather become their victim, than see one of their ministers exposed to the vexations, the insult, and the almost necessary violence of our military men."

Not long before he died, Fenelon ascended the pulpit of his cathedral, and excommunicated in person such of his own works as the Pope had interdicted. He placed on the altar a piece of sacred plate, on which were embossed some books, with the titles of the alleged heretical ones struck with the fire of heaven.

#### SEA CAPTAIN MADE BISHOP.

Dr. Lyons, who was preferred to the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, during the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, held the benefice for twenty years, but never preached but once, which was on the death of the queen.

The bishop's aversion to preaching is supposed to have arisen from his not having been intended for the church. His promotion is very singular; he was captain of a ship, and distinguished himself so gallantly in several actions with the Spaniards, that, on being introduced to the queen, she told him that he should have the *first vacancy that offered*. The honest captain, who understood the queen *literally*, soon after hearing of a vacancy in the *See* of Cork, immediately set out for court, and claimed the royal promise. The queen, astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against the impropriety of it, and said, that she could never think it a suitable office for him. It was, however, in vain; he pleaded the royal promise, and relied on it. The queen then said, she would take a few days to consider of the matter; when examining into his character, and finding that he was a sober, moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for him, and gave him the bishopric, saying, she "hoped he would take as good care of the church, as he had done of the state."

#### WALTER SCOTT.

It is not generally known, that there was a poet of the name of Walter Scott, before the present celebrated bard. He lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, and describes himself as

"An old souldier and no scholler;  
And one that can write none  
But just the letters of his name."

On the death of his grandfather, sir Robert Scott, of Thirlstone, his father having no means to bring up his children, put this Walter to attend cattle in the field; "but," says he, "I gave them the short cut at last, and left the kine in the carn; and ever since that time, I have continued a souldier abroad and at home." He left a poem written at the age of seventy-three, dedicated to two gentlemen of the name of Scott, which he thus concludes:

— "Begone my book, stretch forth thy wings and fly  
Amongst the nobles and gentility;  
Thou'rt not to sell to scavengers and clowns,  
But given to worthy persons of renown.  
The numbers few I've printed in regard,  
My charges have been great, and I hope reward;  
I caused not print many above twelve score,  
And the printers are engaged that they shall print no more."

#### MR. WEST.

When Mr. West, the venerable president of the Royal Academy, was very young, he had attained great skill in the use of the bow and arrow, and was one day unfortunately successful in bringing down a dove, at which he



aimed rather in the thoughtlessness of play than design. The mournings of its widowed mate, made an impression on his mind which was never erased, and caused him frequently to introduce the dove in his pictures. This was a sensibility quite unaffected, and closely allied to the highest energies of intellect. An anonymous writer in some tributary verses to the memory of Mr. West, thus alludes to the circumstance :

———“Age had not chill'd  
Thy genuine sensibility, nor care,  
That upas of the soul, impair'd its powers;  
Still couldst thou mourn the fluttering dove's distress,  
Which struck thy heart in boyhood's ardent hour,  
And on thy latest canvas claims a sigh.”

#### VANITY.

A French poet inquired of one of his friends, what he thought of his last new work? “I have arrived at the fifteenth canto,” replied the friend, “and I do not hesitate to affirm, that I never read more beautiful and harmonious poetry in the French language.” “I beg pardon,” replied the author, “there is one thing in the language which I must confess is superior.” “Oh! perhaps you mean Phædre or Athalie?” “No; I mean my sixteenth canto.”

#### NEW SPECTACLE.

At Dijon, in France, they seem really to have at last hit upon a show which may truly be said to be something new under the Sun. This is a mechanical *chef d'œuvre* representing THE CREATION. This machine, (says the Dijon Journal,) which has cost its inventor, M. Pardoux, of Vic-le-comte, ten years cogitation and toil, is composed of fifteen thousand moving pieces, and is more remarkable than any thing ever yet seen for precision and regularity in its motions. Besides, it is announced that it costs only 50 centimes for admittance to the first boxes, to be present at the creation of the Universe.

#### PRIVILEGES OF RANK.

An ingenious and amusing new work, entitled the *Retrospective Review*, makes us acquainted with a very whimsical doctrine of poetical propriety, broached by Rymer, the bitter critic on Shakspeare. “Thus does he draw out the rules of life and death for his regal domain of tragedy:—‘If I mistake not, in poetry no WOMAN is to kill a MAN, *except her quality gives her the advantage above him*; nor is a SERVANT to kill the MASTER; nor a PRIVATE MAN, much less a SUBJECT, to kill a KING; nor will *poetical decency* suffer death to be dealt to each other by persons *whom the laws of duel allow not to enter the lists together*!’ How pleasant a master of ceremonies is this author in the regions of fiction; regulating the niceties of murder like the decorums of a dance!”

The festival in honour of Dr. Jenner, to whom mankind are indebted for the discovery of vaccination, was lately celebrated at Berlin by a superb banquet. All the faculty in the city were present, together with several functionaries and statesmen. The councillor of state, M. Hufeland, presented, at the close of the banquet, lists of the children who had been vaccinated in Prussia during the year 1819, and the result was, that upwards of 400,000 children had been inoculated within that period.

The London Monthly Magazine states, that “some of the best poets of the day have been engaged to versify the Psalms of David, with a view to their being introduced into the church service.”

In the *Almanac des Gourmands*, it is said of Beauvilliers, one of the master spirits of French cookery, that with one of his sauces, a man, with a good appetite, might eat his own father!

The death of the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D.D. the eminent author and preacher, took place at Tunbridge, on the 6th September.

The widow of general Moreau died at Bordeaux in August last.

## Poetry.

FOR THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

### GALILEE.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

NIGHT mantles Judea, but the star hath not shone  
On thy bosom, Galilee;  
The tempest is loud, yet the barque alone  
Is labouring o'er the sea;  
The Master, entranc'd, rides the foam of the wave,  
O say, shall its womb yield the Godhead a grave?

Heeds not the Redeemer the thunder's increase—  
Shall he not the proud whirlwind disarm?  
For see! he hath gone to the slumbers of peace,  
With Jesus all is calm;  
By his waves and his tempest, the Maker is tost,  
In dreams, beatific, the sleeper is lost.

The disciple in terror hath sprung from his rest,  
Yet vain is the shipmen's skill,  
Till arous'd, HE of Nazareth, proclaims the behest,  
"Ye billows—Peace! be still."\*  
The billows, obedient, have sunk on the shore,  
The sea sleeps in murmurs, the tempest is o'er.

O thus, when my soul on life's ocean is tost,  
That sea without a calm—  
When faith shines but dimly, each hope is lost,  
And all is rude alarm;  
When the waves of remembrance in mountain wreaths roll,  
When the billows of sin have gone over my soul:

At the cross of the Sufferer, while humbled to weep,  
I mourn my stubborn will;  
Do Thou in compassion, rebuke the deep,  
And whisper "Peace—be still!"  
The billows, obedient, shall die on the shore,  
The sea sleep in murmurs, the tempest be o'er.

### STANZAS.

The dew-drop is never so clear  
As when morning's first ray sees it glisten:  
And music is never so dear,  
As when to its last note we listen.

Though bright may be rapture's first mien—  
And its parting adieu even sweeter;  
The enjoyment existing between—  
Is a vision—and vanishes fleeter.

\* "*And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace—be still.*"



We never know how we have lov'd,  
Till what we most lov'd has departed;  
For the strength of affection is prov'd  
By the joyless, and desolate hearted.  
Our pleasures are born—but to die;  
They are link'd to our hearts—but to sever:  
And, like stars shooting down a dark sky,—  
Shine loveliest—when fading for ever!—

[London Mag.]

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TO A YOUNG FRIEND, WITH A SOUVENIR BOOK.

Not that I deem there needs a token,  
When once affection's seal is set,  
To keep its impress long unbroken  
On memory's sainted amulet;  
Nor that I fear thy thoughts estrang'd  
From me, or one kind feeling chang'd  
By time or absence, yet—  
Twine I this votive wreath for thee,  
To speak to thy young soul of me.  
No, but 'mid passion, grief, and wrong,  
Dull hate, dark envy, strife, and pain—  
'Mid various ills that round me throng,  
And press upon my heart and brain—  
Without a hope of peace to quell  
The woes that bid my bosom swell,  
Breathe I a *farewell strain*,  
In this wild hour, to let thee see  
Gloom hath not banished thoughts of thee.  
What! though my waywardness hath wrung  
Too oft thy heart with words unkind,  
When, by some secret sorrow stung,  
Thou couldst not picture to thy mind—  
My visions of unrest and sadness  
Were wrought to momentary madness;  
Still, whatsoe'er my tongue  
Utter'd unheedingly, believe me,  
I lov'd; albeit, I sought to grieve thee.  
It may be, thou hast wrong'd me too  
With doubts injurious and unjust,  
But let that pass; we'll not renew  
What should be *written in the dust*.  
Perchance the fault was mine; if not  
'Tis meet that it should be forgot,  
Since now, no more, Mistrust  
Can come with looks of lurid light,  
The friendship of our souls to blight.  
But there are gentle deeds of thine  
These simple strains may ill repay,  
Cell'd in my bosom's inmost shrine,  
And doom'd to triumph o'er decay;  
The ev'ry sterner dream be faded,  
Which my young brow so oft hath shaded,  
They shall not pass away;  
For, with a pencil dipt in light,  
Such thoughts *on adamant I write*.  
Years have gone by since first we met,  
And I have fondly mark'd thy bud  
Of youth, by sorrow's dews unwet,  
Expanding into womanhood;  
The flower is now matur'd,—and ne'er  
May the corroding worm of care  
'Mid its sweet folds intrude;  
But ever be its blooms unriv'n,  
Unless to be transferr'd to Heav'n.

Oh! may the tissue of thy years  
 From time but added beauty borrow,  
 And, free from warring hopes and fears,  
 Unstain'd, unbreath'd upon by sorrow—  
 Flow on as undisturbed by ill  
 As waters when the winds are still,  
 Till comes a glorious morrow,  
 To call thee hence from life away  
 To realms of never ending day.  
 And since e'en bliss alone to bear  
 Is wo, but in a lessen'd measure,  
 May those thy bosom holds most dear  
 Partake with thee thy cup of pleasure;  
 That so, with such sweet sympathy,  
 Nothing remain to claim thy sigh,  
 No prized, regretted treasure,  
 But blessing in thyself, and blest,  
 Thou mayest enjoy alloyless rest.  
 And oh! may she whose tender care,  
 Whilst yet she linger'd upon earth,  
 Was how to make her flower more fair;  
 Pride of the stem that gave it birth;  
 May she upon thy sojourn here,  
 Look down from her exalted sphere  
 Of purity and worth,  
 Shield thee from every coming ill,  
 And be thy guide—protectress still.  
 Farewell! whate'er my future lot,  
 And darker sure it ne'er can be;  
 Pain, envy, hate, and strife forgot,  
 I'll still remember "thine and thee."  
 And the big tear which wildly started  
 In thy blue eyes when last we parted,  
 Doth well attest to me,—  
 That thou wilt never cease to dwell  
 Upon thy wayward friend.—FAREWELL!

[*London Lit. Gaz.*


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**BALLAD.**

Oh! wake the harp no more,  
 Tho' sweet the strain you sing,  
 Only one hand could o'er  
 Its chords such magic fling!  
     And bid the tear,  
     Or stifled sighs,  
     Quick disappear,  
     Or fleetly rise.  
 Only one voice could give  
 That charm, that spell at will,  
 And bid the bard's words live  
 In fleeting memory still.  
     Tho' months might flee,  
     In grief, in care,  
     Still memory  
     Retain'd them there.  
 Sweet voice! long may'st thou sigh  
 Thy song of passion o'er,  
 To swains as dear, tho' I  
 Shall hear thy song no more!  
     Lov'd may'st thou be,  
     May years glide, e'er  
     Time steals from thee  
     A gift so rare.

[*Id.*